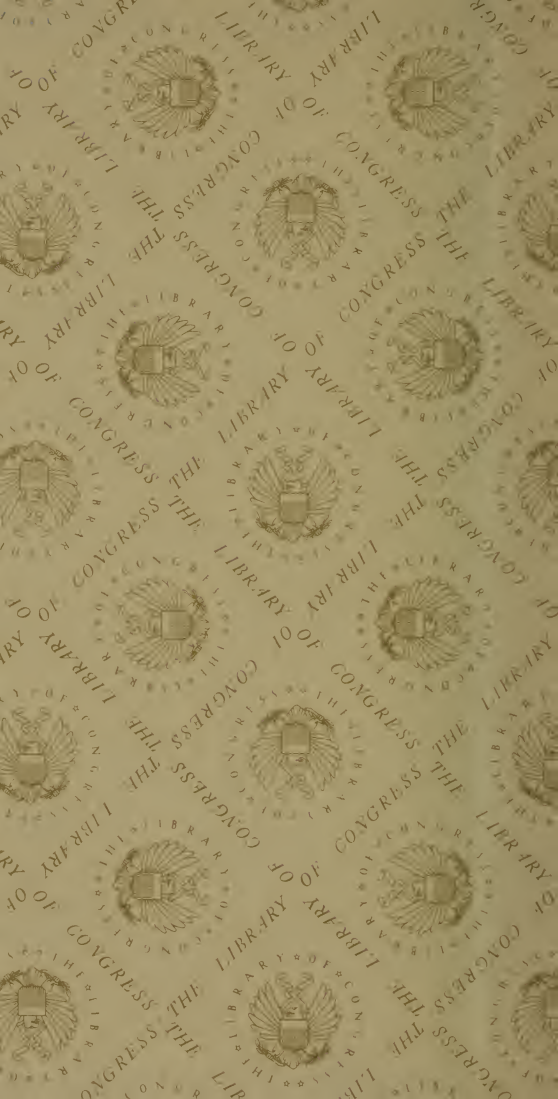


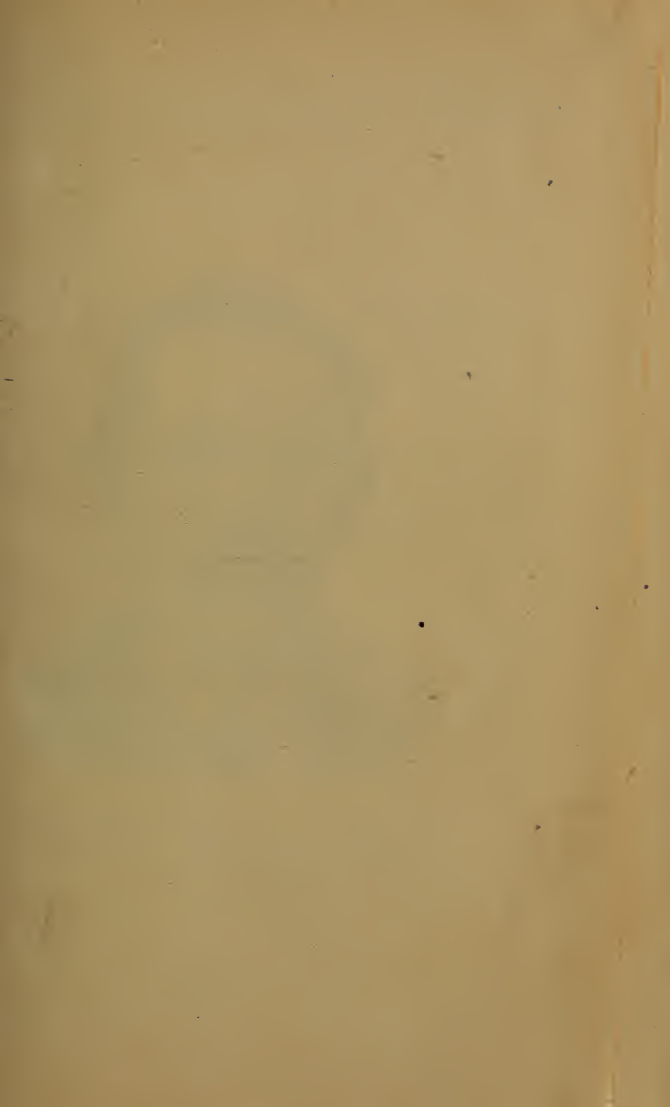
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Ernest F. Webb.

THE LITTLE BLACK MASTER;

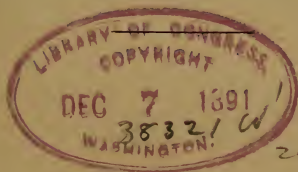
OR,

TOBACCO IN A NUTSHELL.

BY

ERNEST F. WEBB.

A pure mind in a clean body is the mother of wisdom.



BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

1891

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PREFACE.

NOTES upon the origin of tobacco and alcohol. Notes upon the history of tobacco and alcohol. Also describing the evil effects of these poisons upon the system, warning young people against their use, and endeavoring to do so, have collected notes of great men's knowledge on the subject, notes and experiences of doctors, chemists, professors of colleges and medical academies, both in Europe and America. Our libraries and book-stores are filled with books for the benefit and pleasure of humanity, many warning young people against the use of narcotics, and describing the ill effects of their use. I ask a small corner for this little book, which tries to describe a deep, swift stream by which half of the young people are being borne away into darkness. It also points out a path along which boys and youths may march away from danger.

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK
TO THE
BOYS AND YOUTHS OF AMERICA,
WITH THE HOPE
THAT IT MAY CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING
TO THEIR HAPPINESS AND WELFARE.

With sincere regards,

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Introduction, | vii |
| Opening Remarks, | 9 |
| Origin and History of Tobacco, | 11 |
| Description of the Plant and its Properties, | 11 |
| Examples of Boy and Girl, | 19 |
| Cigarettes, | 21 |
| How Tobacco leads to Drink and Crime, | 22 |
| Tendency of the Habit to Increase and to be Trans- mitted, | 25 |
| Legislation against it, | 26 |
| Tobacco and Self-Interest, | 27 |
| Its Effect on School Work, | 29 |
| The Schoolmaster's Address, | 31 |
| P. T. Barnum's Address, | 33 |
| A Little Boy's Recitation, | 35 |
| A Schoolboy's Remarks, | 36 |
| How Tobacco affected Thirty-eight Boys, | 39 |
| How Tobacco affected the Maoris, | 39 |
| How Tobacco weakens Body and Mind, and checks Growth, | 40 |
| Physiological Action of Tobacco, | 40 |
| Testimony of Physicians and Noted Men against it, | 42 |
| Dr. Talmage's Advice, | 44 |
| What John Quincy Adams says, | 45 |
| What the Educators and what the Newspapers say, | 45 |
| Conclusion to be drawn, | 47 |
| Insurance Agent's Dream, | 52 |
| Stories, | 61 |
| How to leave off Tobacco, | 69 |

ALCOHOL.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----|
| How Alcohol was discovered, | 71 |
| Alcoholic Appetite, | 71 |
| Strong Drink, | 72 |

| | PAGE |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| A Rich Rumseller, | 74 |
| Delirium Tremens, | 76 |
| Sailor and Soldier, | 77 |
| What Two Little Girls did, | 85 |
| Story of the Engineer, | 97 |
| Not Poverty, but Beer, | 103 |
| Concluding Poem, | 110 |

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

| | |
|---|----|
| The Author, | |
| The Ship, | 14 |
| George Washington, | 15 |
| Indian, | 18 |
| Sick Boy, | 19 |
| Justice, | 26 |
| Schoolmaster and Scholars, | 30 |
| P. T. Barnum, | 32 |
| Mother and Boy, | 35 |
| Small Boy, | 36 |
| A Contrast, | 38 |
| Group, | 48 |
| The Little Anti-Tobacco Preacher, | 50 |
| Insurance Agent, | 52 |
| Wife Pleading with her Husband, | 66 |
| Rich Rumseller, | 74 |
| Delirium Tremens, | 76 |
| The Sailor, | 77 |
| Soldiers, | 78 |
| Maloy's Saloon, | 85 |
| Engine, | 97 |

INTRODUCTION.

My object in writing this little book is to make an impression upon the minds of all the boys who read it that will be lasting and full of the right element. The subject upon which I have written is principally tobacco, a subject upon which I consider every boy should be thoroughly posted and aware of its poisonous and injurious effects upon the body and mind, especially upon one who has not arrived at a full growth. I have quoted testimonials and statements in this book which I believe will be impressive and effective with boys who read them.

I have written some short stories and anecdotes which will be interesting, as well as instructive, to all who read them.

I have also taken pains to select evidence against tobacco which I believe to be in every respect true and reliable, and I have guarded against making any statements which are not facts, and all are

substantiated by the most reliable authority both in America and Europe.

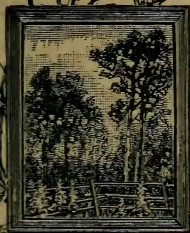
I have not, however, confined the contents of my book exclusively to tobacco, but have written a few pages on the subject of strong drink and its effects. I consider liquor a very near relative of tobacco ; the former, of course, much worse, especially if carried to excess. Cigarette smoking is very popular among boys of all ages, and it is claimed by good authority to be more injurious than cigars or any other form of tobacco.

I am indebted to some of the publications of H. L. Hastings, of Boston, for a few of the most effective stories in the book.

THE LITTLE BLACK MASTER;

OR, TOBACCO IN A NUTSHELL.

My Dear Young Readers:



PLEASE give me your attention for a while. I want you to feel that I am interested in your welfare, and if I fail to interest you, I shall give you some advice which you will appreciate more when you are older than you will now. But I am confident there are many small boys, as well as large ones, who do appreciate good advice, and who are wise and sensible enough to profit by it. You know you want good health so you can go to school, play,

and attend to other duties which you may have to perform. Perhaps you sell papers or black boots to help buy your clothes, or perhaps your father is well off, so you are not obliged to do such work. You may be clerk in some large store down town, or errand boy in a large bank. You may be studying with the aspiration of becoming a doctor, lawyer, or clergyman, or perhaps governor. As for that, it makes little difference what your work is, so long as it is honorable and respectable. Whatever work you do, you want to feel well, look well, and respect yourself ; but if you smoke cigarettes, or use tobacco in any form, you cannot be well, look well, nor respect yourself as much as you should. YOU CANNOT BE WELL, as tobacco causes parts of your body to become diseased as soon as you commence using it, although you may not be aware of the fact. You cannot look well, because no young man or boy looks well with a cigar or pipe in his mouth. If you doubt my word, place either in your mouth and look in the glass. I have done the same thing myself, and was thoroughly convinced that it did not improve my appearance, but rather disfigured it. You cannot respect yourself as much as you should, as the action of the nicotine on the nervous system, of which the brain is the centre, will not allow you to do so. It might not make you sick in bed at first, but might cause your death if persisted in. Before

we go any further let us read something of its ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

Webster defines tobacco as a plant, a native of America, the prepared leaves of which are much used for smoking and chewing, and in snuff. The name he derives from *tabaco*, the Indian name for the tobacco tubes or pipes, though others have derived it from Tabaco, a province in Yucatan, or Tobago, one of the Caribbees. Tobacco was first taken into Spain from St. Domingo by Hernandez de Toledo in 1559. By him some of the plants were presented to Jean Nicot, ambassador from Francis II. to the court of Portugal. Nicot presented some of the seeds and plants to Queen Catharine de Medicis, who gave it the name of *herbe de la reine*, or queen's herb. With scientific men, however, it has ever retained the name of *nicotiana*, from the name of the ambassador himself. Whether Europeans would have invented the practice of smoking tobacco, if they had discovered it in its natural state, is a question, but they soon learned to imitate the Indian habit. As to its early use in any land, we have the following anecdote of Sir Walter Raleigh. This knight was a great favorite of Queen Elizabeth, and by her permission took possession of several large tracts of land in America. He gave the name of Virginia to one part of this land, in honor of the Virgin Queen; but whether at this time he saw the natives smoking

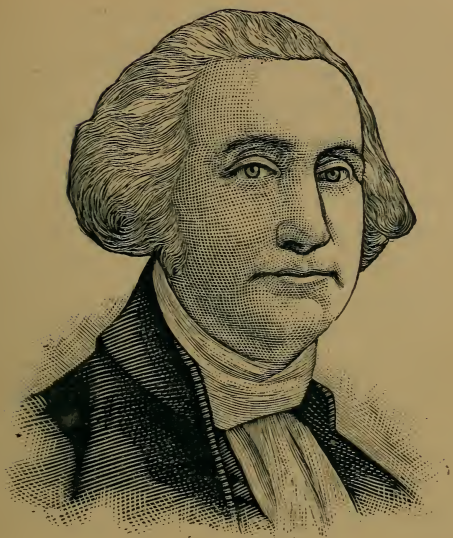
tobacco in clay pipes and imported the habit to England, or whether one Ralph Lane, who returned with Sir Francis Drake, introduced it to Englishmen, there has been a great deal of controversy among literary men ; but it is admitted that if Sir Walter Raleigh was not the introducer of tobacco into England, he was certainly one of its greatest patrons and a most inveterate smoker. There is in the town of Islington, in North England, a public house called the Pied Bull, in which this noted knight once lived. Here the story is told that while he was quietly smoking in his room, a servant, entering, saw his master surrounded with clouds of smoke. Ignorant of the cause and terribly alarmed at seeing, as he supposed, the gentleman on fire, he rushed from the room, and soon returned with buckets of water, with which he completely drenched the distinguished smoker.

This smoking soon spread over the entire Eastern Hemisphere, but, in spite of the general popularity, the habit met with bitter opposition from many in high authority. At Moscow a tribunal was instituted in 1634, called the Chamber of Tobacco, which prohibited the use of the herb, on penalty of the knout for the first offence, and death for the second. In Turkey, the despot Murat IV. ordered persons found smoking to be led through the streets of Constantinople with a pipe stuck through their nose or the first offence ; the second was punished by

beheading. At Appenzil, in Switzerland, in 1653, smokers were summoned before council and punished by fine or imprisonment. In England, James I. imposed a duty of seven shillings (\$1.75) per pound on tobacco, in hopes that this would check its importation. King James did more. He issued a pamphlet of his own writing, entitled "Counterblast to Tobacco," from which is extracted the following: "Tobacco is the lively image and pattern of Hell, for it hath allusion in it to all the vices of the world whereby Hell may be gained. First, it is a smoke ; so are all the vanities of the world. Secondly, it delighteth them who take it ; so do all the pleasures of the world. Thirdly, it maketh men drunken and light in the head ; so do all the vanities of the world. Fourthly, he that taketh to tobacco cannot leave it. It doth bewitch him. Even so the pleasures of the world make men loth to leave them, for they are, for the most part, enchanted with them. It is a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fumes thereof most resembling the horrible smoke of the bottomless pit." Thus wrote King James.



In 1621 a ship anchored on the American shore, which had on board sixty girls. Those girls were sold for something over a hundred pounds of tobacco each ; so, you see tobacco was the price of our first slaves, and those slaves were young, innocent girls. To-day men become slaves to that same tobacco, and find the master such a tyrant it is difficult to break the chains and be free.



George Washington, the father of our country and the man who never told a lie, was also a hater of tobacco, and though brought up where it was raised and almost universally used, he never smoked or chewed. He was also a temperance man, and his name was given to the national movement for total abstinence in this country.

George was born on the 22d of February, 1732, in the county of Westmoreland in the parish of Washington (so called from the family whose seat it had been for three generations). The house

in which he was born was destroyed before the American Revolution. Among his manuscripts still in existence there is one, written under thirteen years of age, which deserves to be mentioned. It is entitled "Rules of Civility and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation." These rules are written out in the form of maxims to the number of one hundred and ten. "They form," says a writer who has some specimens of them, "a minute code of regulations for building up the habits of morals and manners and good conduct in young persons." Whether they were taken in a body from some manual of education, or compiled by Washington himself from various books or from his own youthful observation and reflection, is unknown. The first is perhaps the more probable supposition. Some of these rules, which formed a part of his youthful manners and morals, had their influence over Washington, and gave a complexion to his habits through life.

When the Puritans came to Boston in 1630, it was under the following instructions: "We especially desire to take care that no tobacco is planted by any of the planters under your government, unless it be some small quantity for mere necessity and for physic, and that the same be taken privately by ancient men and none others, and to make a general restraint thereof as much as in you is."

The Tobacco Plant

reaches a height of several feet, and has large, spreading pale green leaves, which when full grown are gathered into sheds or dry-houses, stripped and sorted for the manufacture of cigars and plug tobacco, against the use of which I am endeavoring to warn you by writing in this little book cold facts and solid truths that cannot be denied by any intelligent person who is posted.

A chemical examination of the tobacco leaf finds its surface dotted with small glands which contain the poisonous oil, nicotine. This is absorbed into the system by chewing and smoking. This oil is decided by our most noted chemists to be one of the subtlest poisons known, and is equal in strength to the strongest prussic acid. W. A. Axon asserts, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, that the nicotine in one cigar, if extracted and taken in a pure state, would kill two men.



The Indians Used to Poison

their arrows, we are told, by dipping them into nicotine, convulsions, and often death, being the result of these arrow wounds. It is said that Brodie, Queen Victoria's physician, made several experiments with nicotine, applying it to the tongues of a mouse, a squirrel, and a dog, death being produced in every instance. A frog, placed in a receiver containing a drop of nicotine in a little water, will die in a few hours. Put on a cat's tongue one drop of nicotine, and, in spite of its seven lives, it writhes in convulsions and dies. One has to learn to like tobacco. Boys who try it know that at first it gives them headache, dizziness, and sickness at the stomach; their poor bodies try to tell them they are taking a rank poison. If they continue, the nicotine deadens their nerves so they do not feel the poisonous effects as at first, though they are more or less injured all the time.

For an Example

let suppose an experiment. Take a boy ten years old, one who has never used tobacco. Allow him



to take a piece of tobacco as large as a pea, chew it, not swallowing a drop, spitting every drop into a spittoon, but keep on chewing, not stop, but chew steadily. Before that boy has done with that piece of tobacco as large as a pea, simply squeezing out the juice without swallowing a drop, he will lie on the floor in a cold, deathlike perspiration. He vomits the contents of his stomach. Place your finger upon his wrist ; he has no pulse, and so it will seem for a long time as if he were dying, or, perchance, dead. Steep a small piece of tobacco in a quart of water, and bathe the neck of a calf that may be troubled with vermin. You will kill the vermin, and if you are not careful, you will kill

the calf too. Many calves have been killed by tobacco. Some of these calves had less than four legs.

For Another Example,

take a girl sixteen years of age, one with refined habits and gentle manners. Allow that she was to acquire the habit of using tobacco, smoking cigarettes, cigars, and going about with a chew of tobacco in her mouth. Now, boys, be candid. What effect do you think this habit would have on this young lady? Do you think she would retain those refined habits and gentle manners? I think you will all agree with me that she would not. Now, can you tell me why this same habit would not have the same effect on the manners and habits of boys and young men? Saying nothing of the damage it does otherwise, I think you cannot, for there is no reason why it would not. Now, what young man could ever think of choosing a young lady with such a habit as we have just mentioned with the intention of making her his wife, to be the mother of his offspring? I feel quite sure there is not one. Now, on the other hand, what refined young lady, providing she was aware of the injury and effects of the tobacco habit, would care to have for a lover a young man whose clothes and breath smell of the poison drug? If the truth were known, there would not be one. It is only

because the fashion and habit are fixed upon men that makes it seem absurd and worse for women to acquire the habit.

Cigarettes.

Many boys and young men learn to smoke by beginning with cigarettes. These seem harmless, because they are so small, but they are supposed to be one of the worst preparations of tobacco. The smoke of the paper wrappings is irritating to the lungs, and the cigarettes send more poisonous fumes into the delicate air-cells than a pipe or cigar. Dr. Hammond bears witness to the ill effects of cigarettes in the production of facial neuralgia, insomnia, nervous dyspepsia, sciatica, and indisposition to mental exertion. In a city school a young lad of thirteen became dull and fitful and troubled with nervous twitching. His condition at length compelled him to be withdrawn from his studies. He was found to be a smoker of cigarettes. When asked why he did not give them up, he replied with tears that he had often tried to do so, but could not. The following is from a public school journal: "Park H. Adams, aged fourteen, a student in the University of Tennessee, is dying. He smoked forty cigarettes on a wager, and inhaled the smoke." A young man showed some symptoms of heart disease. The pulse at times almost ceased, and at another time he seemed

on the point of dying. On consulting a physician, he was informed that all these symptoms came from smoking cigarettes, and on quitting them his health was soon regained.

Now, boys who are smoking cigarettes, do you know the fascinating as well as dangerous habit upon you will grow?

The Deadly Cigarette.

The following despatches to the daily papers of a single date tell their own story:

CARLISLE, PA., Feb. 11. — Edward D. Crall, business manager of the *Morning Call* at Harrisburg, died last evening at his father's house, South Pitts St., of blood poisoning, caused by excessive smoking of cigarettes. He was in his twenty-third year.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Feb. 11. — Johnnie Powers, eleven years old, was taken to the County Asylum at Orange Farm to-day, a raving maniac, from the effects of cigarette smoking. Symptoms of mania first developed Saturday, and were of a spasmodic nature. Soon the boy became very violent, striking at people, tearing his clothes, and trying to injure himself. The doctors think the case hopeless.

Rev. C. M. Southgate, in "A Plain Talk with Boys," says: "Tobacco is murdering many a lad. Where they do not fairly kill, cigarettes are the devil's kindling wood. They start a craving for

stimulants that liquor is quickest to meet. And why is it that 'fancy' pictures go with them as prizes, unless licentiousness comes next? But can't a man smoke and be good, be a Christian? I suppose so. But by the time tobacco has killed a few more generals like Grant, and a few more emperors like Frederick the Noble, and a few more business men and bright boys, a smart boy may get it through his head that it doesn't pay. And not till the smart boys quit will the poor and dull let it alone. The highest style of man does not smoke, will not submit to its slavery, nor be responsible for its example."

Dr. B. W. Richardson has reported a case of a literary man who practically died of acute nicotine poisoning, resulting from smoking forty cigarettes and fourteen cigars in less than twelve hours. He died of muscular paralysis, with cold sweat, unconsciousness, and embarrassed breathing. Such cases are far less common than deaths by excessive, repeated liquor drinking. But such deaths, whether from alcohol or tobacco, prove that these poisons are far more dangerous than is commonly supposed.

I would say much more and produce much more valuable testimony against the use of cigarettes, but think what has already been said is enough to convince any sound-minded person, whether old or young, that cigarette smoking is a very unde-

sirable pastime, taking into consideration the ill effects that many times follow their use.

Drinking Men are almost always Smokers

or chewers, and many a drunkard owes his ruined life and happiness to the appetite for narcotics, formed by the use of tobacco, and the company into which it led him. In Auburn, N.Y., a few years ago there were six hundred young men confined for crimes committed when they were under the influence of liquor. Five hundred testified they began their intemperance by the use of tobacco. It is said that liquor is used in the manufacture of tobacco. If this is so, which I have no cause to doubt, it stands to reason that by using tobacco it creates a desire for strong drink.

Physicians agree that many and serious troubles result from its use even by adults. It is certain that boys cannot indulge in it with safety. An eminent physician, dean of one of the leading medical colleges in this country, Dr. H. B. Palmer, of the University of Michigan, says that young men who learn to chew or smoke tobacco destroy, on an average, by so doing, one fifth of the enjoyment and value, and at least one tenth of the length of their lives. As in the case of alcohol, a little makes them long for more. The boy who begins with one or two cigars a day soon increases the number.

Many men who are slaves to this poison would

gladly be free from it, and very few tobacco users would advise their sons to adopt the expensive, uncleanly, and worse than useless habit.

Beside many evils which its use involves, not the least is one already noted as to alcohol. It not only becomes a habit that is hard to abandon, but the very failure which so many make in their efforts to quit its use shows too plainly that it undermines the power of self-control, and so is a weakening of that vigor of trained will, of that mastery of self which is a part of the physical as well as of the intellectual welfare and power of manhood.

As an interest both of individual and State the use of tobacco in any form by children should be prohibited under proper penalties.

As a matter of public and personal health, and in the interests of the vigor of coming generations, this restraint is demanded.

During the growing period of life all are more susceptible to the evil effects of tobacco. Those of full age are affected in a milder degree. There is always a steady tendency of the habit to increase. Young man, it is not only the injury you are doing to yourself by smoking cigarettes and using tobacco in general, but you are preparing to transmit the injury to your children. The transmission of habits and disease by parents to children is a well-known fact among the wise.

Now, boys, if you are smoking with the thought

of its making a gentleman of you, you will get sadly mistaken, I can tell you, as the tendency is quite in the opposite direction. The habit and its effects have changed many a gentleman, as well as gentle boys, from happy and virtuous lives to degraded and ruined ones.

Even among those who have the belief that the moderate use of tobacco does not injure all persons, there is such agreement as to its effects upon the young that most of them favor laws which make it a punishable offence for those under age to use tobacco in any form.



Extracts from Recent Legislation.

STATE OF MINNESOTA.

“SECTION 1.—That all school officers in the State may introduce, as part of the daily exercises of each school in their jurisdiction, instruction in

the elements of moral science, including self-denial, health, purity, temperance, cleanliness."

STATE OF NEW YORK.

"Provision shall be made by the proper school authorities for instructing all pupils in all schools supported by public money, or under State control, in physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants, and narcotics upon the human system."

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

"SECTION 15. — The district board shall specify the studies to be pursued in the schools of the district ; that provision shall be made for instructing all pupils in every school in physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants, and narcotics generally upon the human system."

Tobacco and Self-Interest.

Professor Bascom says :

"There are few prevalent and accepted habits more at war with a wise self-interest than that of the use of tobacco.

"The very positive and unwholesome effects of tobacco on the human system are obvious, aside from all medical testimony on the subject, from the simple fact that it creates an intense, almost ungovernable appetite, as in the use of opium and

liquor, and forms a decisive change in the tissues of the body.

“It is not a normal condition, but a very abnormal condition, from which this craving springs. It discloses the unfortunate change which has been wrought in the physical system by tobacco, a change of which every chewer and smoker has a most humiliating witness within himself. He need not go elsewhere to know the very positive power of tobacco. The devils of weakness and disease which possess humanity are legion, and a goodly number find entrance by this appetite. Other better and more enjoyable pleasures are sacrificed to this habit. All pleasures are not open to us. We must choose among them. He who chooses tobacco as his after-dinner indulgence leaves behind him the more delicate appreciation of food, and the more varied and wholesome gratification of fruits which belong to a perfectly healthy appetite. It is an unsocial habit. In a limited way, in the form of smoking, it is social, but even then it is narrowly elective to those of like habits, and comes in to reduce the mental tone and straiten the circle.

“The indulgence more or less repels many, and the persons repelled are those of a more refined and inspiring temper. The habit is exclusive and narrow in its social and in its physical relations.

“A man of good judgment having reached ma-

ture years very rarely takes it up. It is fastened on boys and young men in that period of crudeness and greenness in which they are mistaking the vices of their elders for their virtues, their errors for their excellences. A boy once gotten beyond this unripe age, so succulent of moral malaria, without the habit, finds nothing in it to appeal to his growing judgment and experience."

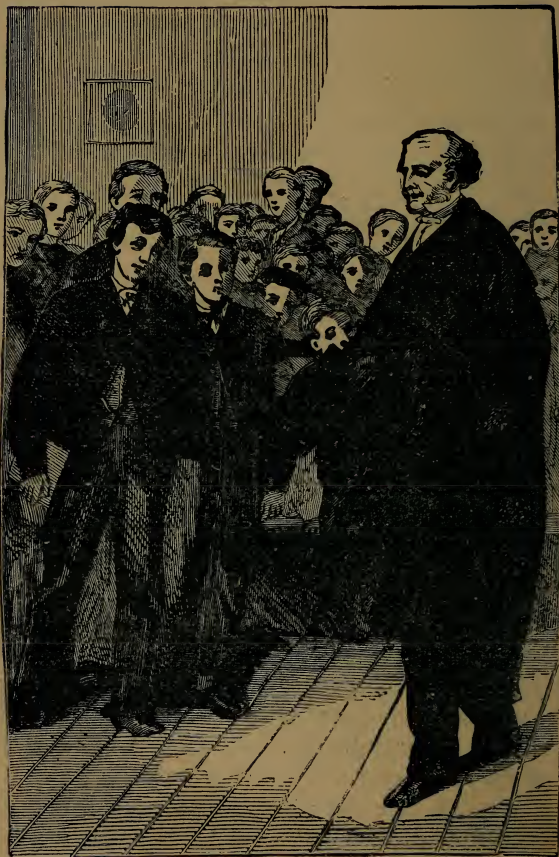
The tobacco habit and its effect on school work, as written by a prominent teacher of ten years' experience in one of our State Normal Schools :

" 1. Boys that begin the habit at an early age are stunted physically, and never arrive at full bodily development.

" 2. Accompanied with the use of the narcotic were certain disordered physical functions, such as indigestion, impaired taste, defective eyesight, dull hearing, nervous affections, and diseases of the heart. I have not found a single case of one early addicted to tobacco using who did not suffer with one or more of these direful, unnatural conditions.

" 3. Tobacco in any form destroys the ability to apply one's self to study, and prevents his comprehending or remembering his lessons. The faculties of a boy under the influence of tobacco seem to be in a stupor.

" 4. In one case where reform was secured and the habit overcome, the pupil returned to normal progress, and had a successful career as a student."



A Schoolmaster Lecturing his Scholars upon the Evils of Tobacco.

A Schoolmaster Lecturing his Scholars upon the
Evils of Tobacco.

“SCHOLARS: I wish to state two things in relation to the bad effect of tobacco on schools. I have taught forty-six years, and I have observed that boys who are in the habit of using tobacco are generally unequal in their lessons. Tobacco exasperates their nerves, and they cannot study with uniformity and composure; hence their lessons are not alike good; and secondly, scholars who use tobacco are more difficult to govern.

“Tobacco exasperates their tempers, and they cannot keep orderly and still on their seats. Some of the noblest boys I ever had have been ruined by this abominable thing. It injures both scholarship and government.”



Phineas Taylor Barnum

was born at Bethel, Conn., July 5, 1810. He detested tobacco as much as he did strong drink. At the age of nineteen he became editor of the *Herald*

of *Freedom*, published in Danbury, Conn. He afterwards became the most successful showman ever known. Almost every one has seen Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth.

Address of P. T. Barnum, Esq., to the Boys.

“But little need be said to convince boys of the deleterious nature of tobacco. It is a species of poison that cannot be mistaken for any palatable and delicious ingredient. Many boys have doubtless heard the story of a bear that once chanced to come across a field of tobacco. He only saw the pale flowers, and smelt their nauseous perfume, but he turned up his nose and cantered away.

“The boy who loves tobacco will, ten chances to one, make a tippler. He cannot indulge a taste so unnatural without being led into other unnatural habits. He only wants the peculiar coat, cravat, gait, and air of a dandy to make him a smoker. He only requires the uncompromising expression of a dandy to make him a commentary upon the use of this nauseous weed, which God designed for the poorest worm in all the wide creation.

“My boys, do not let the example of the poorest worms of *humanity* lead you into such temptation. It can never give you satisfaction; for, the more you smoke, chew, or snuff, the more you will wish to, and, like the poor inebriate, you will at last become an outcast in the fold of Truth.

“Let me entreat you to be careful how you venture upon the forbidden ground where tobacco finds its growth. You will find it a place of magnetic influence, and, when you would turn to come away, your feet will be stayed.

“You will find it a place of human misery, where thousands lie, unable to break the shackles that bind them. You will find it a place of human disappointment where many leave for death.”



A Little Boy Speaking a Piece to his Mother about
Tobacco.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To slay tobacco on this stage ;
But should I chance to fall below
Great men, in hurling wrath upon this foe,
Don't cast on me malignant eye,
Nor let your angry passions fly.

Large streams from little quids do flow,
Small chewers into great ones grow ;
And though I now am small and young,
No quid shall ever touch my tongue.

Let all the boys and girls like me,
From filthy quids pledge they'll be free ;
And then will not Columbia's soil
Be rich, without the *new found* "oil" ?



Now, fellow schoolmates and playmates, you all know I have smoked cigarettes, chewed a little tobacco when we would all meet on the park in the evening, and once or twice have drunk some beer. Now I hold in this glass, not beer or any kind of liquor that will hinder my growth and spoil my

brain ; instead of that, it is pure, cold water, which will quench my thirst and make me healthy ; and, boys, I have adopted it for my life drink.

As for cigarettes and tobacco, I have given them up forever, and I am feeling like a new boy, and, boys, you had better follow my example, and when we grow up we can make our parents happy, as well as being healthy and happy ourselves.

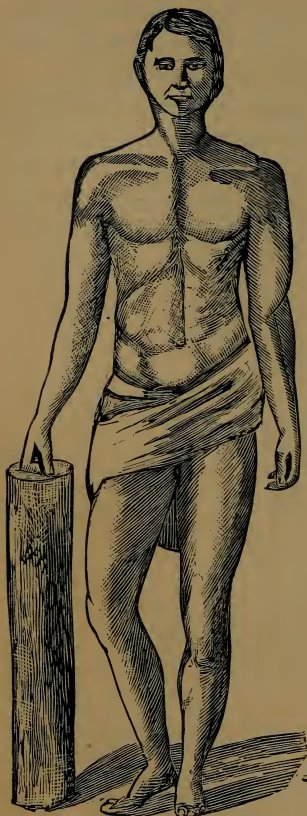


Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

Figure 1 represents a young man at the age of seventeen, who had never used tobacco or strong

drink, or indulged in any vice. Figure 2 represents the same one seven years later, after indulging in *tobacco*, liquor, and vice to excess.

In an experimental observation of thirty-eight boys of all classes of society, and of average health, who had been using tobacco for periods ranging from two months to two years, twenty-seven showed severe injury to the constitution and insufficient growth ; thirty-two showed irregularity of the heart's action, disordered stomachs, cough, and a craving for alcohol ; thirteen had intermittence of the pulse, and one had consumption. After they had given up the use of tobacco, within six months one half were free from all their former symptoms, and the remainder had recovered by the end of the year.

When Europeans first visited New Zealand they found in the native Maoris the most finely developed and powerful men of any of the tribes inhabiting the islands of the Pacific. Since the introduction of tobacco, for which the Maoris developed a passionate liking, they have, from this cause alone, it is said, become decimated in numbers, and at the same time reduced in stature and in physical well-being, so as to be an altogether inferior type of men.

The following paragraphs are taken from Smith's "Physiology" :

"It is evident that the effects of tobacco on the young are especially evil.

“Boys who use it are weakened in their minds and bodies. They are so changing the system from its natural healthy condition, that it is preparing for disease and acquiring tendencies that lead to dissipation and worthlessness.

“Whatever satisfaction it may give is purchased at the expense of slavery to it. In some occupations it is a serious hindrance to success. The bad effects of tobacco smoke are increased when it is drawn with the breath into the lungs. More of its poisonous ingredients pass through the air cells and reach the blood.

“Its effects in checking growth are unmistakable, so far as the young are concerned. It is doing more harm to bodily health than alcohol. A substance that will produce such profound impression as it does when first used, and which has caused death when applied for a long time to a raw surface on the body, and which has by its irritation induced cancer, surely ought not to be in ordinary use among mankind.”

Physiological Action.

The physiological effects of tobacco on man have been very minutely observed by Dr. Pierre, and are thus described :

In small doses tobacco causes a sensation of heat in the throat. In large doses it causes nausea, vomiting, and purging, and a most distressing sensation or sinking at the pit of the stomach.

Its most remarkable effects are languor, feebleness, relaxation of the muscles, trembling, great anxiety and tendency to faint, vision enfeebled, pulse small and weak, surface cold and clammy, convulsive movements followed by paralysis and death. The law of local affinity, by which any substance taken into the system exerts a special effect upon particular organs, is a well established fact. Thus, white lead fastens upon the muscles of the wrist and produces what is known among white lead manufacturers and painters as wrist drop.

Mercury affects the salivary glands, and iodine the lymphatics. The local affinity of the oil of tobacco is for the nerves of the heart, weakening the organ and producing palpitation, and rendering it incapable of sending a full supply of arterial blood to the brain, causing giddiness. The continued and excessive use of tobacco is not seldom the chief cause of those organic derangements ending in fatal heart disease.

Such are the primary effects of tobacco as noted by many intelligent physicians.

Why, then, it is asked, do many persons use it for years and suffer no injury? That it is sometimes used for years without producing the extreme symptoms noted, is true. That it does no harm is far from the truth. That by constant use the system tolerates a substance that, if carried to excess, in the first instance produces death, is a part of the

vital problem that the science of human life presents for our solution. It is true of other substances as well as tobacco. Arsenic, after long use, is eaten in large quantities with seeming impunity. A quantity of opium which as a first dose would produce stupor and death, would have no marked effect upon a habitual opium-eater. But it may be fairly set down as a certainty that any agent which antagonizes animal life cannot be taken persistently without great functional disturbance, the tendency of which is to weaken and enfeeble the entire organism.

Mr. Scolley, surgeon of St. Thomas Hospital, in an able lecture on paralysis, says : " I am not going to give you a sermon against smoking, but I am going to point out to you all the various and positive causes of paralysis, and smoking is one of them. I know of no single vice which does so much harm as smoking. It is a snare and a delusion. It soothes the excitement of the nervous system at the time, to render it more irritable and more feeble ultimately."

Mr. Higginbottom, an eminent surgeon in Nottingham, England, writes in the *London Lancet* : " After fifty years of most extensive practice of my profession, I have come to the decision that smoking is a main cause of ruining our young men. The proverbial drunkenness of our countrymen can only be arrested by laying the axe at the root

of its super-inducing cause, the thirst-creating power of tobacco."

Dr. J. Pidduck, with extensive opportunities for observation, noted the remarkable fact that leeches were killed instantly by the blood of smokers, and dropped dead as soon as applied.

The victim of this habit will say these effects follow only the excessive, not the moderate, use of the weed. A sufficient answer to this is found in the well-known fact that the law of narcotics and stimulants is that of increase, and the boundary line between moderation and excess is too shadowy and ill-defined to be observed by the slave of a debasing habit.

What a blessing to the race if all men shrank from this plague of the brain as did the first Napoleon. One inhalation was enough. In disgust he exclaimed, "O, the swine! The stomach turns. It is a habit only fit to amuse sluggards."

Abraham Lincoln hated tobacco. General Grant tolerated the cigar. What was the consequence? It killed him. When people study into matters enough to know what tobacco does to them in the long run, and why they have these uncomfortable feelings when they try to leave off the habit and give nature a chance to clean out their systems, perhaps they will understand the causes of such derangement.

Dr. Ferguson says: "I believe that no one who

smokes tobacco before the bodily powers are developed ever makes a vigorous man. It not only injures the body, but the mind also."

Dr. Prince, for a long time superintendent of the insane asylum at Northampton, Mass., says : "Fully half of the patients who have come to our asylum for treatment are the victims of tobacco. It is also the common stepping-stone to intoxicating beverages."

Say *No!* to tobacco, that poisonous weed,
Say *No!* to this poison which to intemperance will lead.

Our standard medical works teach us that tobacco affects first the brain; second, the heart; and third, the stomach.

From the brain the whole nervous system is affected. Through the heart the entire circulation of the blood, and through the stomach the digestive and assimilative apparatus are influenced.

Says Rev. Dr. Talmage :

"There are multitudes of young men smoking themselves to death. Nervous, cadaverous, narrow-chested, and fidgety, they are preparing for early departure, or a half-and-half existence that will be of little satisfaction to themselves or little use to others. Quit it, my young brother. Before you go through this life you will want stout nerves, a broad chest, and a brain unclouded with tobacco smoke."

In reply to a letter from Dr. Cox, John Quincy Adams writes :

“In my early youth I was addicted to tobacco in two of its mysteries, smoking and chewing. I was warned by a medical friend of the pernicious operation of this habit upon the stomach and the nerves, and the advice of the physician was fortified by my own experience. More than thirty years have passed away since I deliberately renounced the use of tobacco in all its forms, and, although I had a struggle with vitiated nature, I never yielded.

“I have often wished that every individual afflicted with this artificial passion would prevail on himself to try the experiment which I made, sure that it would turn every acre of tobacco land into a wheat-field, and add five years to the average of human life.”

Professor Oliver, of the Annapolis Academy, says he can discover when a boy uses tobacco by his absolute inability to draw a clean straight line. Dr. Kitchen questions if tobacco is not doing more injury than alcohol, because it is so largely used by youth, it is less frowned down as not respectable, and its effect is more diffused and masked.

What a Little Weed Did.

A telegram from West Superior, Wis., Aug. 7, says : “A clerk in the clothing store of Abraham & Co., at West Superior, hid a half-smoked cigar

from one of his employers this evening in a pile of clothing. Loss, \$40,000."

All from a Cigarette.

IT STARTS A \$240,000 BLAZE IN THE NEW YORK
Y. M. C. A. GROUNDS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—A discarded cigarette set fire to the grand stand in the athletic grounds of the Y. M. C. A. in One Hundred and Fiftieth St., between Walton Ave. and the Harlem river, late this afternoon, and started a blaze that resulted in \$240,000 damage.

The following is taken from one of the daily papers of July 27, 1891, written from Buzzard's Bay :

"IS TOBACCO KILLING BOOTH ?

"There is a well-authenticated report floating about this town that Edwin Booth is dying from the effects of too much smoking. He is such a slave to the weed that he cannot stop smoking, even though he knows it is killing him. Its effect upon his health is just as fatal, though not of the same character as that which shut out the life of General Grant. Joe Jefferson and Ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland have been striving to reform Mr. Booth in this respect, and for a while they partly succeeded, but the habit had too strong a hold upon him, and his indulgences became more unrestrained than ever.

“It is because of this relapse, and because he knows he can get no better in health, that he has left here suddenly last Saturday. He has gone to Narragansett Pier.”

Boys, I think you will fully agree with me that it is better not to make a tobacco box of yourself at all. I could produce many more testimonials against the use of tobacco from eminent physicians of long experience, but think the few which I have submitted for your consideration are sufficient to convince any boy of sound mind that he will have nothing to do with tobacco in any form. If older people will not set a good example for you in regard to using tobacco, just show them you know the habit is injurious, and that you have manhood enough about you not to become a victim to it, and I am sure you will never be sorry for your decision, but when you become a man you will congratulate yourself that you have abstained from the filthy weed which has such power to lessen every power which nature has given you.



Don't Drink, my Boys, nor Smoke.

Boys, don't drink anything that will make you drunk. If you drink such things when you are boys, you will drink them when you come to be grown, and likely to be a drunkard all your life. We will tell you a story of a boy who got to drinking whiskey and smoking when he was quite young. His father kept whiskey in the house. Little John was given toddy, a drink made of whiskey, hot water, sugar, and spices, for his colics when a baby, for his colds and all his aches when he grew older. He became very fond of it, and soon could drink brandy or whiskey like a grown man. By the time he was ten years old he was a hard drinker and hard smoker, and almost all the time drunk.

One afternoon he was very much intoxicated. He abused his mother, who tried to keep him from going to the river to bathe, and left home cursing her. He went to a cherry orchard with some boys as bad as himself; ate all the cherries he could, and then went to the river with them to bathe. They took a bottle of whiskey, and cigars with them. They were all quite drunk. Johnny was very loud, swearing and blustering. He dared the other boys to swim over the river with him. They made as if they would, but stopped, and he went on and sank in the middle of the stream to rise no more.

Alarm was given, and for two days the river was searched for his body, but all in vain; it could not be found. Cannon were fired, the river was raked, and all was done that could be in pity for his broken-hearted mother and father. Still he could not be found, and the search was given up.

Three months afterward a fisherman found a skeleton in a drift ten miles below the city, which was found to be that of the unfortunate boy.

This is but one case out of thousands. Boys, never touch liquor — no beer, no wine, no whiskey, no cigars, no tobacco; they are all one family, and how can you marry one and not the whole?



The Little Anti-Tobacco Preacher Spreading
his Tracts.

DEAR BOYS : Did you ever think that you have
a mission to perform as well as older people ?

Do you see this little fellow talking to these three
men that he found working by the roadside ?

He had saved pennies which his friends had given him to buy what he chose, and with the money he bought some temperance and anti-tobacco tracts, and he finds a great deal of pleasure in handing them to men that he sees smoking. He hopes to induce them to leave off their bad habits. He addresses them in a modest, respectful way, and see how attentively they listen. You can do much good by your example. If you do right, many a man in the wrong track may be touched by your childish faith, and follow in your little footsteps. I have often heard of little children pleading with their fathers to forsake their bad habits, and sometimes the voice of a child is just what is needed to awaken the attention of a parent. Be sure your own example is right, for a lad that has any bad habit cannot consistently urge others to desist from their vices.

An exemplary, kind little boy will be well received, even by wicked men, for example has more force than words.



AN INSURANCE AGENT'S DREAM.

MUSING in my office upon the many ills that afflict society, I fell asleep and dreamed. In my dream I was travelling in a country at a great distance from any human habitation. The road passed along a serpentine valley, with mountains rising to a vast height on all sides. As the heavens seemed to portend a storm, I looked anxiously around for some place of shelter for the night. Casting my eye to the left, I espied a large opening, and thither I bent my steps.

Stepping into a winding cavity in the passage, I sat down. Looking through a crevice in the rock,

I saw a multitude of strange beings advance and defile right and left. A terrible blast of a trumpet was given, which was answered from within, and then some one exclaimed aloud, "Have the Prince's vicegerents assembled?" "Puissant Prince of the power of the air, your ministers are in waiting," was the reply. A being of gigantic stature then advanced, and after him followed a numerous train. In a few minutes I dared to follow. After proceeding some two or three hundred feet, I came to the pandemonium of their assembly. This was a large hall, having circular seats of rock rising one above the other. On the opposite side, in front, rose a huge black rock — the throne for the chief. From the sides of the cavern there issued a dark, blue flame, which made darkness visible.

The fumes of brimstone were so strong that I fell upon my face close to the rocky floor, to prevent suffocation.

The superior fiend rose from his seat, resting upon the rock a massy spear, which he held in his right hand. With his tail he lashed his scaly sides, which gave forth a terrific sound, and with fiery eyes he thus began, in tones that shook the cavern: "Thrones! Dominions! Powers! I have assembled you for consultation. I must devise some more efficient measures for arresting the progress of TEMPERANCE. Thousands of my subjects have deserted. Many have so far recovered from the

effects of intemperance as to be savingly affected by the gospel of my great foe, Jesus Christ. They have joined churches, and are laboring to persuade others to do the same."

As he said these words, the whole crew grasped their spears, and lashed their scaly sides with their tails. He continued : "Something must be done, or our cause will lose ground. Whether it be best to make more open war upon temperance, or practise with greater vigilance our secret wiles, judge ye. For triumphant success I place great RELIANCE UPON TOBACCO.

"We will first hear from King Alcohol, and then I wish especially to hear from his prime minister, my valued friend, TOBACCO, who stands yonder in smoke."

King Alcohol arose. His aspect was fierce and frightful ; his head large ; his hair clotted ; his eyes were like lightning. His nose was like the proboscis of an elephant, and coiled like the worm of a still ; and his bowels seemed transparent with the glowing fires of hell. In musing accent thus he spoke : "Your Majesty will bear witness that no power has done you more service than myself. To deceive and destroy is my business, and yet I have not been able to do your majesty as good service as formerly. Since our last meeting I have failed to invent any new species of alcoholic drink. But I have done better. I have set deacons and Christians

to raising and selling tobacco. I have blinded the eyes of temperance folks to the fact that tobacco and alcohol are twin devils, that united they stand, divided they fall. Some effort is being made to get up an anti-tobacco reform. I give way for the faithful powers of high satanic labor to speak their minds."

Then BRANDY rising, with a bluff red cheek, said that he was steadily at his work of ruin, and succeeded well. He ran like liquid fire through the whole system, but made permanent lodgement in the liver, producing tubercles, abscesses and scirrhus. He advised unwearied labor in inducing men to raise and use tobacco.

GIN, with a pale and haggard aspect, rising, said, that, taking hold of the fluids of the body, he rapidly carried them off through the kidneys, emaciated and destroyed its victims; that he was steadily at work, and probably had more on the way to destruction than any other agent, unless it was his brother TOBACCO. *Onward, is my advice.*

WHISKEY, rising quickly, with a bloated appearance, said he hoped not to be outdone by any one in conclave. He scorched the stomach, bleared the eyes, and, burning his victims with inward fire, he was able very soon to bring them into a state of delirium tremens. My advice is, *never rest*. With plenty of tobacco our cause is unconquerable. Tobacco will keep up an eternal thirst.

RUM, with a face purple-looking, lean, and blotched, rose and said that he took a powerful hold of the stomach, bowels, and brain, but must confess that he took increasing pleasure in the diseases and deaths produced by tobacco. My advice is, *hope for complete success.*

BEER, pot-bellied and bloated, rising, said that he grasped the liver and made fun of the hypochondria of his victims. He struck many down with apoplexy, is now encountering much opposition, but is still driving a good business of disease and death. I concur in the idea that tobacco is a mighty ally. *Unwearied diligence*, is my counsel. "A continual dropping will wear away a stone."

WINE, with a cherry-looking face, and corpulent, rising, said that he rejoiced to say that he left no organ untouched ; that he inflicted an admirable degree of pain by gout and gravel ; that he moved among what is called the higher circles, was doing a good business, and daily sending many to the grave and hell. *Deceive*, is my advice.

CIDER, with a sodden aspect and red nose, rising, said that he affected the stomach and liver, produced jaundice, gall-stones, etc. ; that he still found fools enough to favor him, and that he was still able to make tobacco more and more popular to do a great business ; that he depended very much upon the agency of tobacco ; that men, as the expression goes, "drank to wet their whistle, and smoked to dry it."

The great chief then bowed his head, and extending his hand toward his compeer tobacco, TOBACCO arose. He was a being of great stature, and the most filthy of all the crew. On the top of his head rose a large tobacco plant, the leaves of which he moved by mere effort of his will. His skin was dry, and the color of a seared tobacco leaf. One cheek was distended by an enormous quid, the juice of which constantly oozing from his mouth, fell in drops upon his filthy breast. A jar of snuff was buckled to his side, and he kept one hand titillating his proboscis with its contents, while with the other he held a huge pipe, which he frequently put to his mouth, and from which issued a smoke like the smoke of the bottomless pit. He spoke with a grating, nasal twang: "May it please your Majesty, and you, 'most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,' I have long known that my labors were second to none in the cause, and your Majesty may rest assured, as long as I find favor among the posterity of Adam, the glorious cause of *intemperance* will go on. To all the powers that be I bid defiance to stay the onward, desolating progress of inebriety as long as my articles, pipes, cigars, and quids, are loved and used. Some are astonished at the favor I receive. But it is so, and your Majesty is aware that I am hardly suspected of aiding the cause of intemperance.

"A few only know me, though others are suspicious,

Many temperance lecturers are blind to my power, and I have them in my grasp.

“Only a few churches and few clergymen have lifted a finger against me. Indeed, I am generally esteemed a friend,—am introduced into Christian society,—and while I am sowing broadcast the seeds of death, I am treated as a very companionable fellow.

“Surely it has not escaped your majesty that I have led more into the ragged, raving ranks of intemperance than any other.

“Be it understood by this august council that no sooner does a man break fellowship with me, than his thirst for intoxicating drink diminishes and is pretty much gone.

• “It is like cutting off the resources of a fountain. Our cause is safe as long as the friends of temperance tolerate me.

“The use of my manufactures not only creates a thirst which tempts to the use of intoxicating liquor, but it weakens the whole man, and creates a demand for intoxicants. I yield the palm to no power in the cause. Keep men ignorant of my nature, and angels may lecture on temperance with the winning grace of heaven, and I will laugh at their efforts forever.

“May it please your Satanic Majesty and my worthy compeers, our cause is safe as long as we can keep temperance men silent in regard to me.

I claim that I am twin devil with Alcohol, his equal. These things being so, they are sufficient to convince every power here assembled that smoking, chewing, and snuffing are like pillars of adamant to our noble cause.

“Allow me, most noble peers, to state my amount of influence. My dominion is wide. No pope, no prince, no potentate wields such a sceptre ! I boast of subjects from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth. I count millions in China, and in Turkey, Persia, Germany, and other kingdoms.

“Three hundred millions and more acknowledge my sway ! I am the idol-god of mighty rivers ; the Ganges, Danube, Mississippi, and Connecticut are all mine. I exhaust the fat valleys on their borders, and make them tributary to your majesty’s glorious cause. (Here the cavern shook with applause.) Venerable compeers ! you have been long in his Majesty’s service against the hated race of man. I am comparatively young, for less than three centuries ago I began my work, and now I am well intrenched in the human race, emasculating and demoralizing nations, and laying kings and presidents at my feet.

“I annually raise four billion pounds of my poisonous plant ; I manufacture four hundred billion cigars ; I have nearly two million hands in the sunny South employed more or less in its cultivation.

Negroes do my work there, but white folks — deacons and pious men — do it on the banks of the Connecticut. I have thousands of manufactories of cigars, meerschaums, snuff, honey-dew, pigtail, and other brands of tobacco in America.

“In Europe I do business on a broader scale. There I have more magnificent establishments, and keep redundant supplies for my legions of votaries. The human family expend one thousand millions of dollars and more in my service yearly.

“I accomplish my work in a clandestine way — so much so as to elude the keenest observation. I effect sudden deaths ; I form cancers ; I eat out tongues ; I afflict with dyspepsia, palsy, insanity, and with diseases by the score, keeping my victims blind as the owl at noonday about my agency. I glory in hoodwinking doctors, clergymen, and well-nigh the whole posse of the Sons and Daughters of Temperance. I seal their lips by inducing the belief that I do no mischief. Noble peers, we devils have no subjects which please us so well as those who deny our agency and our existence.

“Dupes ! my genius is to deceive.

“Give me your aid, fellow-workers, in my loyal purpose, and I will poison the race from pole to pole, blot out the image of God, change the style of man and bring on a race so scraggy and deformed, so emasculated and dwarfed as to be beneath the

contempt of noble devils, such as I now have the honor to address ! ”

Here Tobacco proudly took his seat amidst the boisterous acclamations of his fellow-demons.

The superior fiend, once more rising in stately grandeur, pronounced a eulogy on his Prime Minister, Tobacco, and all pandemonium reverberated with the shouts of its principalities and powers.

Inconsistent Temperance Advocates.

The following is a story as related by the author of “Temperance Tales.” It is of an accredited agent of a temperance society. He was one day soliciting contributions with tobacco in his mouth, when he was accosted by a gentleman : “You, sir, are not a proper person to be an agent in the cause of temperance, for you are not a temperance man yourself. You are enslaved to tobacco.” No answer was made, but some one present afterwards told the rebuker that the lecturer was one of the best men in the country. He was surprised to hear this, and would have sent an apology had he known the agent’s address. Some time after, meeting this same agent looking like a different man, he was beginning to apologize when he was interrupted : “No apology is needed. Your reproof led to much reflection and to new resolutions. As the consequence, you behold me to-day a free man, and you are my deliverer.”

John B. Gough, who became a temperance lecturer while still a smoker, relates that on his way to an out-door meeting a friend offered him cigars. "No, thank you," he said, "I have nowhere to put them." "You can put half a dozen in your cap," was the reply. This he did, and so, ascending the platform, addressed two thousand children. To avoid taking cold he kept on his cap, forgetting what it contained. At the close he exclaimed: "Now, boys, let us give three rousing cheers for temperance." Lifting his cap, he waved it vigorously, flinging the cigars right and left at his audience! It is not strange that this occurrence set him thinking. At a later period, being a guest at an English house, he sought the river banks for a quiet smoke. Finding it difficult to light his cigar he got down on his knees by a rock, sheltering a match with his hat while he puffed. Suddenly the thought flashed upon him that if people should see him they would conclude that he had sought this spot for private devotion. "And what am I doing?" thought he. "What would the audience say who heard me last night?" The conviction of his inconsistency struck him so forcibly that he exclaimed, "I'll have no more of it!" and away into the river went both matches and cigar.

"Why did you send me that pamphlet on smoking?" said a minister to a friend. "Because I

thought you needed it." "Who told you that I smoked?" "You told me as you go about." "I will confess that I know it is wrong, and that I once gave it up; but, fool as I am, I took to it again, and I have been in bondage ever since."

Claflin and the Young Man.

The following story is told about Horace B. Claflin, a prominent merchant, who is quaint and humorous as he is keen-witted and rich:

On the 15th of February, about five o'clock, Claflin was sitting alone in his office when a young man, pale and careworn, timidly knocked and entered.

"Mr. Claflin," said he, "I am in need of help. I have been unable to meet certain payments, because certain parties have not done as they agreed by me, and would like to have \$10,000. I come to you because you were a friend to my father, and might be a friend to me."

"Come in," said Claflin, "come in and have a glass of wine." "No," said the young man, "I don't drink." "Have a cigar then." "No, I never smoke." "Well," said the joker, "I would like to accommodate you, but I don't think I can."

"Very well," said the young man as he was about to leave the room. "I thought perhaps you might. Good day, sir." "Hold on," said Mr. Claflin. "You don't drink?" "No." "Nor smoke?" "No." "Nor gamble, nor anything of the kind?"

“No, sir ; I am superintendent of the —— Sunday school.” “Well,” said Claflin, with tears in his voice and his eyes, too, “you shall have it and three times the amount if you wish. Your father let me have \$5,000 once, and asked me the same questions. He trusted me, and I will trust you.”

The Preacher and I.

I met the parson in the fields,
All in the twilight gray ;
And what do you think, and what do you think
The parson had to say ?
It must be owned, he talked to me
In quite a candid way : —

“My friend,” he said, “it grieves me much
To know you drink and swear ;
Such sinful, vile, seductive ways
I pray you, sir, beware !
Dash to the earth the tempting bowl,
And change your oaths to prayer.”

I looked the parson in the face,
All in the twilight dim ;
And what do you think, and what do you think
I had to say to *him* ? —
It must be owned, I answered back
With something of a *vim* : —

“Parson,” I said, “it grieves me much

To know you smoke and chew ;

Such sinful, vile, seductive ways

I pray you, sir, eschew !

And, since I’m giving ‘tit for tat,’

I’ll tell you what I’ll do : —

“Drop your Havana from your lips,

I’ll dash the bowl from mine ;

Give up your quid, and — here’s my oath —

My swearing I’ll resign.”

He went his way — a sadder man,

But wiser, I opine.



The Wife Pleading in Behalf of her Sons.

Some years ago, in the town of N., Billy Morse wooed and won the hand of an upright, noble girl. Their home was one of comfort and neatness. In a few years God blessed them with a happy family of little children. As the years advanced, his good wife was impressed with the idea that her little boys would copy their father's example ; and wisely she thought. Are there habits in their father's or mother's life which I should not wish my children to form? The father was a great smoker, and in time little Billie began to try to smoke, and the mother, knowing how much money his father had

wasted, resolved to try to break the father's bad habit. She kindly plead with him, for his dear boy's sake, to relinquish the habit. After a great deal of thought he resolved to try to give up the use of tobacco. After days of pain, and sometimes great struggles, he came off conqueror. The result of his resolution was that in a year he had saved over a hundred dollars, and in five years he owned a tasteful little home, and had gained in strength and health.

Now, my lads, if Mr. Morse had never formed this habit, think how many hours of suffering he might have saved. More than this, boys, you need not do wrong because your parents do. Be manly, do right, whatever bad examples your parents may set. When you are men you will have formed your own opinions and rely on them. Therefore learn while young to stand alone, and stand firmly whatever opposition you may meet.

A Slave.

A man is a slave until he has learned to do without. I read lately of an American who had come to the conclusion that chewing tobacco was a filthy habit, and that he would give it up. For a long time he tried hard to do so, but in vain. He chewed many things as substitutes, but the old craving remained. At last, one day, he took out of his pocket a little plug of tobacco, and, holding it up, said : "You

are a thing and I am a man, and it shall no longer be said that a man is mastered by a thing ; so, though I love you, here goes," and he threw it away, and never again chewed tobacco. That man had learned the part of life's business which consists in doing without. It is a fine discipline to give up for a week, or a month, or a year, some luxury which may be harmless in itself, but which is becoming too much of a necessity in our lives.

Why Girls Remain Unmarried.

The inquiry is often made, How is it that there are so many fine girls in our cities unmarried and likely to remain so? We answer, *Tobacco* is one cause. In old times, when you could approach a young man within whispering distance without being nauseated by his breath, he used, when his day's work was over, to spend his evenings with some good girl or girls, either around the family hearth or in pleasant walks, or at some innocent place of amusement. The young man of the present day takes his solitary pipe and puffs away all his vitality till he is as stupid as an oyster, and then goes to some saloon to quench the thirst created by smoking ; and sheds crocodile tears every time his stockings are out at the toes, that "the girls nowadays are so extravagant, one can't afford to be married !"

Tobacco and Posterity.

"A man," says a distinguished physician, "may poison his child before it is born through the nerves and blood of its mother." I have a friend who was an inveterate smoker until his first child was born; that saved him. He knew that his breath would poison it, and he has abandoned the pernicious weed, I trust forever.

Growing Tobacco.

If there is any dirtier work than raising tobacco, we should like to know it. A gum issues from green tobacco that covers everything that it comes in contact with. The practice of tobacco-growers is, to put on a shirt outside their clothes, and wear it without washing all through the season. We met recently a troop of men fresh from the tobacco-field who might pass for Hottentots. They looked as if they always burrowed in the ground, and in hands and face, as well as dress, were the color of woodchucks.

How to Leave Off Using Tobacco.

First, make the most of your will; drop tobacco and resolve never to use it again in any form. Call at an apothecary store and buy five cents' worth of gentian root, coarsely ground. Take as much after each meal, or oftener, as amounts to a common quid of fine-cut or cavendish; chew it well and

swallow all the saliva. Continue this a few weeks, and you will come off conqueror. Then be thankful for freedom.

Better to teach one youth the way
To higher life and nobler thought
Than own the wealth of untold mines
By selfish hands and spirits wrought.

HOW ALCOHOL WAS DISCOVERED.

How Alcohol was Discovered.

The people who lived about seven hundred years ago thought that somewhere, if they only could find them, were two things that would greatly bless the world. First, something that would turn iron and all common metals into gold, and thus easily and greatly enrich the finder; second, an "elixir of life" which would prevent sickness and death, and keep those who drank it forever young.

The men who tried many curious experiments in search of these two wonders were called alchemists. It is supposed that an Arab named Albucasis was thus led to discover alcohol by distilling it from wine. He thought it was the long-sought "elixir of life." He drank heavily of it, urging others to do the same. His career of intoxication and violence was short. He had found, not the "elixir of life," but the "water of death."

Alcoholic Appetite.

Like all narcotic poisons, alcohol has the fatal power of creating an increasing appetite for itself,

that demands not only more frequent, but stronger and larger doses. The greater its work of ruin, the harder and almost impossible to overcome will be its demand.

Amount of Alcohol in Fermented Liquors.

In one hundred parts of the fermented juice of apples, or cider, there are from two to ten parts of alcohol. In one hundred parts of beer, the fermented juice of barley, there are from three to ten parts of alcohol.

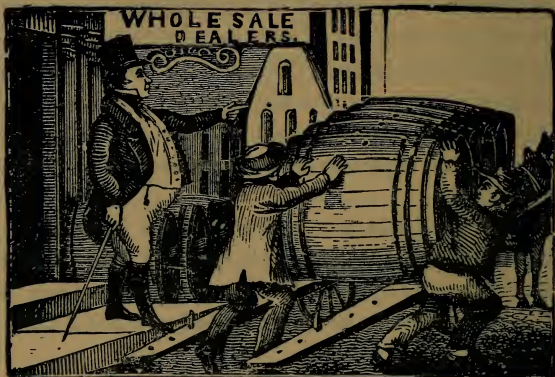
In one hundred parts of the fermented juice of grapes and other kinds of fruits, or wines, there are from six to twenty-five parts of alcohol.

Strong Drink.

However proud we may be of our powers of resistance, the universal testimony of experience is, that whatever tends to weaken our self-restraint is to be avoided. Fluids containing ALCOHOL have shown such a wondrous ability to break down this power of self-control, and for creating a desire and appetite for such drink, that, more than all other influences combined, they have overcome the resistance of the will, and proved the allurements and destruction of thousands. Those who think they will stand, and those who others have thought would stand, have fallen by multitudes. Any one who would be on the safe side and wise side, should not run the risk of tampering with strong drink, for

one reason : it involves in its consequences many more than ourselves. Character, education, health, happiness, and success demand that life should be carried through without indulgence in such a peril. The stomach, the liver, and the kidneys are generally the first organs to be embarrassed in their functions by it.

How the brain and nervous system become involved in the disturbance is too well known, and too frequently attested by what we hear and see in the darker walks of life to need extended comment.



A Rich Rumseller's Declaration and Confession.

Employees, you may call at the office one week from to-day and receive your pay for the last time in this establishment. I am closing up my business. Yes, I, gentlemen, I, who have dealt out liquid death and damnation. To be sure, I am a wholesale dealer, but that matters not. Look at the bitter desolation I have caused by selling liquor. My pockets are filled with gold. There are thousands of smitten victims, and out of their mouths, off their backs, and off their blighted fields, I and my chosen instruments have gathered a harvest of gold. I wish the pale housewife to know that I have a good percentage of all that was noble in the husband or kind father in yellow gold. There

are hundreds in the poorhouse, squalid and deformed, and out of all their ruin I gathered gold. There are hundreds who have heard the prison door, on its remorseless hinges, shrieking after them as they are entombed ; and I helped put them there for gold. There are hundreds of new graves, made within the last twelve months, that are filled with sleepers, victims of my regulated traffic, and I helped put them there for gold.

But, employees, one word more ! If you would like, I will employ you in another place and at another work. I have accumulated over five hundred thousand dollars, and now I have come to a realization of my great error. I am going to spend four hundred thousand in the cause of temperance, and I will give you a position helping me if you want, so you need not haul that load of rum to the station, but loose the bung of each barrel and pour the hellish contents into the gutter.



“Delirium Tremens burns the brain ;
Each artery an adder seems ;
A viper bites in every vein,
And devils people all his dreams.
Then SUICIDE, with poniard key,
Unlocks a red gate to the grave ;
The soul drifts to the boundless sea,
Unbidden on its crimson wave.”



The Sailor.

I say, down with the pipe and the pot !
No longer will I be their slave ;
They would keep me forever a sot,
And hurry me quick to the grave.

I say, down with the pipe and the pot !
In spite of the land-lubber's sneer ;
Henceforward my earnings shall not
Go for brandy, tobacco, or beer.



I'm beat ! There, boys, I'll give it up,
This cursed trick of drinking !
I've nursed the devil long enough
For my own good, I'm thinking.
So here go BOTTLE, PIPE, CIGAR,
The vile confederation !
Hurrah, my boys, I'm strong enough
To beat the whole creation.

I've served the devil, boys, you know,
In shape of PIPES and BRANDY,
Until he's come to count on me
As something pretty handy.
I know the *cuss*. Why, man alive,
He wants me, soul and body !
His terms, you know them well enough,
TOBACCO, PIPES, and TODDY.

Why am I a Teetotaler?

1. Because ale, porter, gin, rum, brandy, wine, and whiskey all contain a portion of *spirit or alcohol*, which is of a *poisonous* nature, and calculated to derange the human system.

2. Because none of these drinks are ever useful, but always injurious to persons in health.

3. Because drunkenness is our national besetting sin, and leads to idleness, quarrelling, swearing, fighting, stealing, adultery, murder, impiety, and almost every other sin.

4. Because our drinking fashions produce a vast amount of poverty, domestic misery, insolvency, bankruptcy, crime, destruction of property, disease, and premature death.

5. Because a great deal of valuable land, time, labor, and capital is worse than wasted upon making, vending, and using these intoxicating drinks.

6. Because 715 millions of money are annually expended upon the drunkard's drink in this land, which ought to be laid out in food and the manufactures of the country.

7. Because many millions of bushels of good grain are annually destroyed to make these poisonous liquors.

8. Because intemperance obstructs the progress of civilization, education, religion, and every useful reform.

9. Because abstinence is sure and safe, but drink-

ing moderately is difficult and dangerous, and has led to all the drunkenness in the country.

10. Because I find I cannot effectually warn the drunkard, unless I am an entire abstainer.

11. Because I like to join those who are exerting themselves to promote the reformation and happiness of the nation.

12. Because it is important to set a safe example of perfect sobriety to our children, friends, and associates.

What Have You to Show for It?

A young man commences at the age of twenty years to drink, and from twenty to twenty-three he drinks but one glass of beer a day, worth five cents a glass ; at twenty-three he will have spent \$54.75 ; from twenty-three to twenty-five, two glasses a day, he will have spent \$73 ; from twenty-five to thirty, three glasses a day, \$273.75 ; from thirty to thirty-five, four glasses a day, \$365 ; from thirty-five to forty, five glasses a day, \$456.25. By this time he will have spent in all the sum of \$1,222.75.

Now, if another young man commences at twenty, and instead of spending the money named for beer each year, puts it out at seven per cent. interest, without any savings but this beer-money, he would be worth, at the age of forty years, \$2,280, having saved his money, his character, his health, and perhaps his soul.

Now, if *you* have been paying your money out

for beer, what have you to show for it? Are you any better, richer, happier for it? Are you any healthier than your total-abstaining friend? Has your beer-drinking given you any better position in society? Are your family any better off for it in any way? Does your drinking help you to lay up anything of any sort to offset the bank account you would have had if you had paid your beer-money to the cashier? Or do you expect by means of beer-drinking to lay up anything for yourself or your family in the future? If so, what is it?

When you make a bargain there are always two values. You pay your money for a pair of shoes, and you have the shoes to show for it, and you can wear them while you are earning money to buy more; but when you have paid your money for a glass of beer, and swallowed it, what have you to show for it? Ten chances to one it makes you thirsty for another glass, and another, and you get a headache or a stupid feeling that does not help you work, and perhaps some other bad things, not worth paying for: but if you have any good thing to show for it, what is it?

Perhaps you have not yet drunk enough to count up much; if so, now is your time to forestall the cost and make your bargain. Will you pay out your money for the beer and lose it, or will you lay it out so that you may have something to show for it?

The Cost of Beer.

Last year we made in this country over nine millions of barrels of beer. This, at the usual retail rate of thirty dollars per barrel, comes to more than \$270,000,000, which *the people pay out* for their beer.

It costs, perhaps, half that amount to make the beer and sell it. This includes cost of grain and other materials, and pay for labor of manufacturers, retailers, and employees. The other half is clear profit, and goes into the pockets of the brewers and saloon-keepers. No other business brings in more money. No wonder the brewers push it eagerly.

But what these men make, the people lose. It is said that New York City alone pays for beer about \$30,000,000 a year. The cost of making this beer is about \$15,000,000, and that is clear loss. There is nothing better to show for it than noise, and broils, and stupidity, and drunkenness. And then it takes a deal of time to drink all this beer. Some say that the time thus lost amounts to as much as the drinker pays for his beer. This would be \$30,000,000 for New York, which, added to the first cost of the beer, \$15,000,000, makes a sheer loss of \$45,000,000 annually for this one city. It is believed that the beer of every large city in this country costs more than the bread. This amount of property and time cannot be lost and you and I be none the poorer for it. It makes rents and

taxes higher, and these must be made up in higher rates for what people sell ; and so we all who use merchandise of any kind help to pay this beer bill.

It is said that a small city of New Jersey spends \$2,000 a day for beer. Do you wonder that it is bankrupt in the sum of \$6,000,000? True, the city itself did not spend it, but her people did, and everybody felt the loss. If this beer money alone were turned into the city treasury, the debt would soon be paid off. A large item of cost to the city is the direct expense of taking care of the drinkers. It is stated that some years every arrest could be traced to drink. And this is but a fair specimen of the entire country. And the matter is growing worse continually. The brewers expect to make us drink 10,000,000 of barrels this year.

Rum and Tobacco.

FOOD BILL FOR SIX PERSONS COMPARED WITH A DRINK AND
TOBACCO BILL FOR ONE PERSON.

COMPILED BY ELIZABETH THOMPSON, NEW YORK.

I have ascertained that the outlay in one week for stimulants by the man who drinks and uses tobacco, is almost as much as the man of economic habits expends for food for himself, wife, and four children in the same time.

COMPARISONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK.

SUNDAY — THREE MEALS FOR SIX PERSONS.

Hominy, sugar sauce, meat, soup, bread, cakes, pudding, 63

RUM AND TOBACCO FOR ONE PERSON.

Two beers, one gin, tobacco, cigars, treats, 55

MONDAY — THREE MEALS FOR SIX PERSONS.

Bread, steak, onions, rice, meat, potatoes, turnips, fruit, 65

RUM, TOBACCO, TREATS, FOR ONE PERSON.

Three beers, one whiskey, two cigars, two treats, 55

TUESDAY — THREE MEALS FOR SIX PERSONS.

Oatmeal, milk, sugar, soup, pork, onions, potatoes, bread, 58

RUM AND TOBACCO FOR ONE PERSON.

Three gins, smoking and chewing tobacco, 39

WEDNESDAY — THREE MEALS FOR SIX PERSONS.

Fried mush, syrup, corned beef, cabbage, bread, milk, butter, 55

RUM AND TOBACCO FOR ONE PERSON.

Two whiskeys, three beers, four cigars, paper chewing, 50

THURSDAY — THREE MEALS FOR SIX PERSONS.

Oatmeal, milk, pork, beans, bread, cakes, fruit, sauce, 66

RUM AND TOBACCO FOR ONE PERSON.

Three beers, two brandies, three cigars, tobacco, 59

FRIDAY — THREE MEALS FOR SIX PERSONS.

Beef stew, bread, bean soup, mush, milk, syrup, cheese, 57

RUM AND TOBACCO FOR ONE PERSON.

Four beers, tobacco, cigars, treats, 55

SATURDAY — THREE MEALS FOR SIX PERSONS.

Codfish and potatoes, cheese, soup, bread, rice, milk, fruit, vegetables, 53

RUM AND TOBACCO FOR ONE PERSON.

Three brandies, three treats, three cigars, 70

Food for one week for six persons, \$4.17

Rum, tobacco, and treats for one person, \$3.83



MALOY'S SALOON.

WHAT TWO LITTLE GIRLS DID.

“WHAT in the world are you going to do with that old thing?” said Katy Bland to a play-mate whom she met carrying a coarse sieve.

“I’m taking it to Mrs. Weaver,” replied the little girl, whose name was Ellen Hartley.

“What does she want with an old sieve?” asked Katy.

"Mother sent me this morning to see how her sick baby was," answered the little girl, and while I was there poor Mrs. Weaver said they were out of coal, but that if she had a sieve she could get enough from the ash heap in her yard to last for two or three weeks. So I'm going to lend her our ash-sieve."

"Why doesn't Mr. Weaver buy a load of coal? It's a shame!" said Katy. "He's at work over in the quarry, and gets a dollar and a half for every day's work. I've heard father say so."

"He drinks. That's the reason," replied Ellen, cutting her words short, and speaking with an indignant emphasis.

"What a dreadful thing it is to get drunk!" said Katy, her face growing serious. "I wish there was no liquor, nor any taverns in the land. Why don't people shut them up? They do no good and ever so much harm."

"That's just what I said to father this morning," returned Ellen.

"Didn't he say they ought to be shut up?"

"No, not just that. I hardly know what he said. Something about letting every one be free to do right or wrong; but I couldn't understand it."

"I can tell you what I do understand," spoke out Katy, a warm flush coming into her face.

"What?" asked her friend.

"Why, that if Mr. Weaver could find no place

where they sold liquor, he wouldn't get drunk ; and if he didn't spend his money for drink, he could buy coal, and not leave his wife to sift over an old ash-heap for something with which to make a fire. That I can understand as well as anybody. What's the use of these drinking-saloons, as they call them? Can anybody tell? I'm sure I don't see. The baker gives us bread to eat, the shoemaker shoes to wear, and all the store-keepers something good or useful for our money ; but the saloon-keeper has only a fiery poison, as I once heard Mr. Adams say, for his customers, which they drink to their shame and sorrow. I'm only a little girl, but I can understand all this to be wrong. The people ought to shut up the grog-shops. If the drinking ones won't do it, the sober ones should. I'm sure it would be better ; for then the drinking ones would have to keep sober."

"And the boys couldn't get any beer or whiskey," said Ellen. "What do you think ! Only yesterday I saw Harry Jacobs coming out of Ma-loy's saloon."

"You did?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Ellen.

"Oh, that's dreadful, isn't it? He's such a nice boy."

And the two little girls looked sorrowfully at each other.

"If I was only a man," spoke up Katy, after

standing silent for a little while, "I'd do something. I tell you I would !"

"What?" asked Ellen.

"I don't know just what I would do ; but I'd do something. Just to think of all the men in town letting fifteen or twenty other men, who are too lazy to work, set up grog-shops and beer saloons to make people drunk. It isn't right no way you can think of it, and you can't make it right. Don't you suppose the men could stop this if they would? A thousand men are stronger than twenty."

"I'm so sorry for the boys," said Ellen. "Harry Jacobs is such a nice little fellow, and so is Will Lyon. Almost every day I see them coming out of Maloy's saloon. To think of their growing up and becoming drunkards! I feel so badly about it that I can't help crying sometimes." And tears actually fell over the cheeks of this tender-hearted girl.

"Oh my! If we were men!" exclaimed Katy, her face flushed with excitement.

"But we are only little girls," answered Ellen, mournfully.

"May be little girls could do something if they tried," suggested Katy.

"I'd try, for one, hard enough, if I knew just what to do," said Ellen.

For a few moments the two children stood looking into each other's faces.

"It just comes into my mind," said Katy, "what our Sunday-school teacher told us last Sunday. She said that God does good in the world by human agents; that is, by men and women and children; and that if we want to do good He will show us the way. And she said, too, that the poorest and weakest little girl, with God and heaven on her side, was stronger than all the hosts of hell. Now, may be He will show us the way to do something. Oh, if we could only make the fathers see the danger their sons are in, I'm sure they'd have all the saloons shut up. Mr. Jacobs is a lawyer, and makes great speeches; and Mr. Lyon is rich and can do almost anything he pleases. Then, there is Mr. Perkins, our minister. I wonder why he doesn't preach against grog-shops. I guess, if he was to see his Judson going into Maloy's as I have, he'd have something to say. If we could just rouse them up, Ellen, there's no telling what might come of it."

"Two little girls rouse up a whole town!" and Ellen smiled at the thought, but shook her head.

"There's nothing like trying," answered Katy. "You may set a house on fire with a tiny match."

"Ah, but then you have something to burn," replied Ellen.

"And I should think there was something to burn here," said Katy. "Only get our minister, Mr. Jacobs, Mr. Lyon, and a dozen or two others

to see that their sons are in danger of becoming drunkards, and a fire will be kindled, I'm thinking, fierce enough to burn up all the saloons in town."

"You don't mean to have them set on fire, do you?" and Ellen's face grew troubled.

"Why, no, of course not that. I was only using what our teacher calls a figure of speech. After you've been to Mrs. Weaver's with the sieve, come to our house, and we'll talk more about this. My mind's all full of it, and I just feel as if we might really do something."

Ellen promised, and the young friends parted. Now, Katy was a bright, enthusiastic little girl, and when she set her mind upon doing anything, it was hard to turn her aside from her purpose.

In all the town there was not just then, perhaps, a single person who felt so deeply its danger from liquor-selling, nor one who desired so ardently to remove the danger, as Katy Bland. The whole magnitude of this evil weighed like a mountain on her heart, and she almost panted with an eager desire for its destruction.

When Ellen called to see Katy half an hour after they parted in the garden walk, she found her writing at a table in her own room. She looked up with a bright, earnest face, as Ellen came in, and cried out:

"What do you think I'm doing?"

"I can't guess," said Ellen.

"I'm writing to the editor of the *Banner*."

"You !"

"Yes, I, Katy Bland ; or, rather, I'm writing for you and me both. For two little girls who can't understand why the people should let fifteen or twenty lazy men keep drinking-saloons instead of earning their living at some useful work. Let me read you what I have written," and Katy, with a fine flush on her cheeks, and a bright sparkle in her eyes, read :

"MR. EDITOR, — We are two little girls, and of course don't understand all about everything. Now, there is something going on in the town that puzzles us. It's something very bad, we think, and we write to ask you if there is no way in which this bad thing can be stopped.

"Just around the corner, close by where we live, there is a drinking-saloon. Now, we've talked it over and over again, but we can't see any good in a drinking-saloon. If you know of any, we wish you would tell us in your paper. The baker and butcher, the shoemaker and tailor, the storekeeper, the lawyer, the doctor, and the minister, are all useful to us ; but we can't think of any use the saloon-keeper is to anybody. But, oh dear ! The harm he does, that is dreadful !

"Now, Mr. Editor, as near as we can come to it, there are about twenty saloons and grog-shops

in our little town ; and twenty men at work, night and day, doing all they can to hurt and destroy.

“ If only the men who love liquor went to these saloons, it would be bad enough ; but when we see boys going in and out every day, it does seem so wicked that we are amazed it is allowed to go on, when it could be so easily stopped ; for, surely, two or three thousand people have the right to say whether twenty of their number shall hurt them or not.

“ Our minister never says a word against these saloons ; but if he had seen his son, not much older than we are, coming out of one of them, as we have, may be he would preach about the evil of drunkenness and liquor-selling.

“ Mr ——, the lawyer, knows how to talk to the people. May be, if he had seen his boy going in and coming out of a saloon daily, as we have, he would gather them together, and rouse them up with a fiery speech to a knowledge of their danger.

“ Mr. —— is very rich. He owns more property than any other man in town. He has only one son, who, when his father dies, will be rich also. But if he grows up to be a drunkard, of what use will all his money be to him ? And he is in great danger, Mr. Editor ; for he, too, goes in and out of the saloon we spoke about. We’ve seen it almost every day, and it makes us feel so sorry.

“ O, sir, if our minister and those two men

would only go to work and stir up the people, all the saloons and grog-shops might be closed in less than a week; and then their own sons and the sons of all the people would be safe.

"Won't you publish our letter, Mr. Editor? We are only two little girls, and can't do anything ourselves; but may be what we say will stir up the town. It doesn't look modest in us to seem to know more than men and women about this matter, but we can't help that. It is so dreadful a thing to have nice little boys learning to drink and in danger of becoming drunkards, that we can't help crying out against the saloon-keepers, who do no good to anybody, and an awful amount of harm.

"TWO LITTLE GIRLS."

"Now, what do you think of that?" asked Katy, as she finished reading.

"I'm afraid," answered Ellen, who was more timid than Katy, "that if the editor should publish it, the minister, and Mr. Jacobs, and Mr. Lyon will be offended."

"No names are given," said Katy, "and there are six or seven ministers in town."

"But Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Lyon will know they are meant by the lawyer who makes speeches, and by the richest man among us."

"Well, so much the better," returned Katy, in a resolute tone. "If they know that they are meant,

and that their sons are in danger, they will be more likely to do something ”

“ May be the editor won’t print it,” said Ellen.

“ We can only try him. Our part is done when we send him the letter,” and Katy folded the paper she had written, and wrote on the envelope, “ To the Editor of the *Banner*.”

On the next morning Katy and Ellen read, with quickly beating hearts, their communication in print. And they read, also, this note by the editor :

“ We invite the particular attention of our readers, one and all, to the communication in to-day’s paper, signed ‘ TWO LITTLE GIRLS.’ From the manuscript we are satisfied that it is just what it purports to be ; the artless, earnest appeal and protest of two children against the evil of dram-selling, with which our town is cursed. On first reading the letter we thought of laying it aside because of its reference, though not by name, to two or three prominent individuals. But a second reading and more careful thought led us to a different conclusion. We became deeply impressed with the idea that these children were moved by an impulse from heaven, that God was sending a message through them, and that we had no right to impede its utterance. So we print the letter word for word as we received it ; and we trust that every man and woman into whose hands it may come will read

and ponder it well. It is a cry of warning our citizens will do well to heed."

A murmur of surprise ran through the town. At first people talked half doubtfully one to another, but soon this one and that began to speak with decision and against the saloons. Every father who had sons became impressed with a sense of their danger; but none more strongly than Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Lyon, who did not mistake the reference of the letter to themselves. On questioning their sons, they were both grieved and alarmed to find that they went almost every day to Maloy's or some other drinking-saloon, and spent a good deal of time there gambling in a small way with dice and cards. They had taken their first step in the road to ruin, and the hearts of their fathers trembled at thought of their peril.

On the very next day the *Banner* contained a call for a town meeting to consider the question of shutting up the drinking saloons, and on the next Sunday every minister preached against them.

Public sentiment, always so powerful for good or evil, took in this matter the right direction, and in less than two weeks every bar and dram-shop in the place was closed.

And all this great and good work was begun by two little girls; children who did not feel that they had any power in themselves to check the flood of evil sweeping in such a destructive current over

their town. What seemed to them right, that they did ; and God, who works for good through the weak as well as the strong, made them instruments of blessing, as He will make every one of us if we will, in singleness of heart, do the best we can to help the weak and save those who are in peril.





STORY OF THE ENGINEER.

“LET me put my name down first — I can’t stay long !”

It was a red-ribbon meeting, and the man was a locomotive engineer, bronzed and strong, and having eyes full of deep determination. He signed his name in a bold, plain hand, tied a red ribbon in his button-hole, and as he left the hall he said :

“As the Lord looks down upon me, I’ll never touch liquor again !”

“Have you been a hard drinker ?” queried a man who walked beside the engineer.

"No. Fact is, I was never drunk in my life. I've swallowed considerable whiskey, but I never went far enough to get drunk. I shouldn't miss it or be the worse off for an hour if all the intoxicating drink in the world was drained into the ocean."

"But you seemed eager to sign the pledge."

"So I was, and I'll keep it through thick and thin, and talk temperance to every man on the road."

"You must have strong reasons."

"Well, if you'll walk down to the depot, I'll tell you a story on the way. It hasn't been in the papers yet, and only a few of us know the facts. You know I run the night express on the B——road. We always have at least two sleepers and a coach, and sometimes we have as many as two hundred passengers. It's a good road, level as a floor, and pretty straight, though there is a bad spot or two. The night express has the right o' way, and we make fast time. It's no rare thing for us to skim along at the rate of fifty miles an hour for thirty or forty miles, and we rarely go below thirty. One night I pulled out of Detroit with two sleepers, two coaches, and the baggage and mail cars. Nearly all the berths in both sleepers were full, and most of the seats in the coaches were occupied. It was a dark night, threatening all the time to rain, and a lonesome wind whistled around the cab as we left the city

behind. We were seventeen minutes late, and that meant fast time all the way through.

"Well," he continued after a moment, "everything ran along all right up to midnight. The main track was kept clear for us ; the engine was in good spirits, and we ran into D—— as smooth as you please. The express coming east should meet us fifteen miles west of D——, but the operator at that station had failed to receive his usual report from below. That was strange, and yet it was not, and after a little consultation, the conductor sent me ahead. We were to keep the main track, while the other train would run in on the side track. Night after night our time had been so close that we did not keep them waiting over two minutes, and were generally in sight when they switched in.

"When we left D—— we went ahead at a rattling speed, fully believing that the other train would be on time. Nine miles from D—— is the little village of Parto. There is a telegraph station there, but the operator has no night work. He closed his office and went home about nine o'clock, and any messages on the wires for him were held above or below until next morning. When I sighted this station I saw a red lantern swinging between the rails. Greatly astonished, I pulled up the heavy train, and got a bit of news that almost lifted me out of my boots. It was God's mercy, as plain as this big depot. It was the operator who

was swinging the lantern. He had been roused from sleep by the whistles of a locomotive, when there wasn't one within ten miles of him. He heard the toot ! toot ! toot ! while he was dressing, and all the way as he ran to the station, thinking he had been signalled. Lo ! there was no train there. Everything was as quiet as the grave. The man heard his instrument clicking away, and leaning his ear against the window, he caught these words as they went through to D—— :

“ ‘ For God's sake, switch the Eastern express off quick ! Engineer on the Western express crazy drunk, and running a mile a minute ! ’

“ The operator signalled us at once. We had left D—— nine miles away, and the message couldn't have caught us anywhere except at Parto. Six miles further down was the long switch. It was time we were there, lacking one minute. We lost two or three minutes in understanding the situation and in consulting, and had just got ready to switch in where we were when the head-light of the other train came in view. Great heavens ! but how that train was flying. The bell was ringing, sparks flying, and the whistle screaming, and not a man of us could raise a hand. We stood there on the main track, spellbound as it were. There wouldn't have been time, anyhow, either to have switched in or got the passengers out. It wasn't over sixty seconds before that train was upon us.

I prayed to God for a breath or two, and then shut my eyes and waited for death, for I hadn't the strength to get out of the cab.

"Well, sir, God's mercy was revealed again. Forty rods above us that locomotive jumped the track, and was piled into the ditch in an awful mass. Some of the coaches were considerably smashed, and some of the people badly bruised, but no one was killed, and of course our train escaped entirely. Satan must have cared for Big Tom, the other engineer. He didn't get a bruise, but was up and across the fields like a deer, screaming and shrieking like a mad tiger. It took five men to bind him after he was run down, and to-day he is the worst lunatic in the State.

"Tom was a good fellow," continued the engineer, after a pause, "and he used to take his glass pretty regularly. I never saw him drunk, but liquor kept working away on his nerves till at last the *tremens* caught him when he had a hundred and fifty lives behind his engine. He broke out all of a sudden. The fireman was thrown off the engine, all steam turned on, and then Tom danced and screamed, and carried on like a fiend. He'd have made awful work, sir, but for God's mercy. I'm trembling yet over the way he came down for us, and I'll never think of it without my heart jumping for my throat. Nobody asked me to sign the pledge, but I wanted my name there. One such

night on the road has turned me against intoxicating drinks, and now that I have got this red ribbon on, I can talk to the boys with better face. Tom is raving, as I told you, and the doctors say he'll never get his reason again. Good night, sir, — my train goes in ten minutes."

"Then dash the brimming cup aside,
And spill its purple wine;
Take not its madness to thy lip,
Let not its curse be thine."



NOT POVERTY, BUT BEER.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

“IT’S no use to say any more about it. There are four children younger than I am, and father says I’ve had my share of schooling. We’re all boys, and we wear out clothes awful fast ; mother’s always mending, but father complains because she calls for new things so often. It seems to me I *couldn’t* and *wouldn’t* go into that horrid old mill ; but I’ve made up my mind to it, and the sooner I begin, the better. I wish father wasn’t so poor.”

“I heard somebody say your father earned first-rate wages,” responded Milton Holmes, to whom the above explanations and complaints were made.

“I know he does,” was replied. “He earns more than any other man in the shop, but he says it takes every cent of his money to pay the bills. I’ve thought it over and over a good many times, and I can’t understand it.”

At that moment a scrap of printed paper drifted to the speaker’s feet, and, without purpose in what he was doing, he took it from the ground and smoothed it listlessly until these words arrested his

attention : "IT IS NOT POVERTY, BUT BEER, WHICH ROBS OUR CHILDREN OF KNOWLEDGE." He read it again and again, while a new light dawned upon his mind. At length he gave the paper to his companion, who asked quickly :

"Does your father drink beer?"

"Yes ; lots of it," answered Nathan Wilson.

"Does he chew tobacco?"

"Lots of it. He always has his mouth full, unless he's smoking, or eating, or drinking. I heard mother tell him this morning that she could support the family on the money he spends for what does him more hurt than good. I couldn't think what she meant, but I guess I know now."

"I guess you do. Beer and tobacco cost more than bread and coffee. I've heard a good many say that, and I've promised my mother never to taste of such stuff."

"Nobody ever asked me to promise. Wasn't it strange, though, that paper should happen along here just now? I wonder how it escaped the rag-pickers."

"So do I. What wretched work theirs is ! I should rather do anything else than grub round the streets as they do. See that old woman. There's a heap of rubbish waiting for her. Let us watch and see what she finds. We can sit down on that pile of bricks, and she won't know we're thinking about her."

So saying, Milton Holmes walked toward the place indicated, while his schoolmate walked by his side thoughtfully, sadly, and, it must be confessed, with something like anger in the heart which beat so tumultuously.

"Don't take it so hard," he said kindly, when they were fairly seated. "Mother says there's 'most always a way out of trouble, if you only go to work at it patiently and with a good will."

"Your mother hasn't seen so much trouble as I have. If she had, she'd know better than to say that. There's trouble in the world that patience and hard work don't touch."

These words startled the boys, who had forgotten that the old rag-picker was so near as to hear any remarks they might make.

"Have you had a good deal of trouble?" asked Nathan, springing to his feet.

"Yes, I have, though 'tan't often I say anything about it. There was four in my family, and three of them were drunkards. Don't you think that would make trouble enough for the fourth one?"

"Yes, ma'am, I know it would. Was that what made you so poor?"

"Yes, just that and nothing else; and it's what makes other folks poor. I had two boys, and when they wa'n't any larger than you be, I thought they was the smartest boys anywhere round; but they're gone."

“Where?”

“I don’t know; I wish I did, though likely it an’t best I should. Do you ever drink any kind of liquor?”

“Not a drop,” answered Milton Holmes.

“Do you?” she continued, turning to Nathan Wilson.

“Is beer liquor?” he asked in response.

“Yes, it is, and it’s what begins the trouble. My boys begun with it, and finished with — but I don’t know as they’ve finished yet.”

“Sit down and rest a minute,” said Nathan, pitying the poor woman. “You must be dreadful tired.”

“I don’t know as I am. My body’s got so it keeps going without being tired, but it hurts in here,” and she pressed her hand to her heart with a quick, convulsive motion, while her face grew deathly pale.

Thus she was forced to drop the implements of her trade and accept the proffered seat, where she rested for a few minutes.

“Have you got any home?” asked Milton, as she reached down for her sack and hook.

“I’ve got a place where I stay,” she replied. “It’s better than some have, but it an’t home. I’ve been cold and hungry a good many times, and I expect to be a good many times more, but thank God I ha’n’t any little children to starve with me.

Don't taste of beer, boys. Don't for your souls' sakes. Don't begin on the wrong track. I didn't expect to come to this. Don't you suppose I hate the dirt and garbage? There couldn't anybody hate it any worse. But there was three drunkards in my family, and they dragged down the fourth one. Don't forget what I've told you."

A moment more, and this woman seemed intent only upon the rubbish before her, and with lingering gaze the boys bade her a silent farewell.

Half an hour later Nathan Wilson entered the room where his mother was at work, holding in his hand a scrap of paper, while his flushed face and tightly-compressed lips betrayed the excitement he did not care to conceal.

"I've found all about it, and it's a shame for father to spend his money as he does. He needn't tell me I must go to work, so to give the other children a chance. If I go into that greasy old mill, it will be because father cares more for beer and tobacco than he does for me. He earns enough to keep us all."

"Why, Nathan, what is the matter with you? I never heard you talk so before."

"I didn't know enough to. Now my eyes are opened, and they won't shut again very soon. Hear this, mother." And the boy read aloud the words which had so deeply impressed him. "That's the truth, and the whole truth," he added, emphatically.

"I'm going to print it in large German text, and hang it opposite my bed, where I can see it every day of my life ; and another thing, I never'll taste a drop of beer, nor let either of my brothers, if I can help it. I won't use tobacco, either, and when I can have my own wages I'll save a part of every dollar I earn, you see if I don't."

"I hope you will," answered Mrs. Wilson in a husky voice, as she brushed a tear from her eye.

For the remainder of the day Nathan occupied himself with printing, finishing the last letter just as the waning light warned him that night was at hand. In his haste he had omitted some ornamental lines, but this did not matter to himself or to those who watched every movement of his pen.

That evening he did not speak to his father. Indeed, the household was strangely quiet, and as Mr. Wilson looked around upon his boys he wondered at their unusual silence. He had engaged work for Nathan, but he hesitated to speak of it. Something in his son's face troubled him ; and all the more the next morning when he felt obliged to tell of the arrangements he had made. Even then no word was spoken in reply, although some significant glances greatly annoyed him. Before the day closed, a remonstrance from Nathan's teacher increased his annoyance ; but all this did not change his purpose or his manner of living. His habits were firmly established. His course was

steadily downward, while his children, one after another, were taken from school to earn a scanty pittance, because he had squandered a fortune upon the gratification of his depraved appetites.

He taught his boys no lessons of temperance or frugality. Yet as they grew to manhood people marvelled at their integrity and thrift. A scrap of paper drifted through the city streets had done more and better for them than he who was responsible for their existence in a world where the destinies of children are largely dependent upon their parents.

Soiled and discolored grew the talismanic words, yet they retained their conspicuous position until transferred to a new home where life is ordered after higher standards.

In any city or large manufacturing town where men find constant employment, if you will take the trouble to trace to their homes their children who attend school only the limited time prescribed by law, you will find in nearly every instance where the father is living that he spends for tobacco and beer or stronger liquors a large proportion of his own earnings.

The children of our country have a right to happy homes and the advantages of education, and every plea for total abstinence from all which can intoxicate is a plea for these rights, sacred and inalienable as is the liberty of which we boast.

“ Now, to all the boys who have read this
I have a word to say, [book
Give heed unto my little speech,
And my advice obey.
Be honest, fair, sincere, and square
In all you have to do,
And let me tell you ere I close,
I neither smoke nor chew.
Do you?

“ Then let me say to men and boys,
Go forward in your might,
With heart aglow hoe out your row,
And work for truth and right.
Perhaps you wish I'd close my speech.
Well, I am nearly through ;
And let me say to you again,
I neither smoke nor chew.
Do you?”

① # 192

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